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TO ZILLAH.

IN IMITATION OF LORD BYRON'S DEDICATORY ADDRESS TO IANTHE.

"Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propta amorem
Quod te imitari amo."——— *Lucret. lib. 3.*

Oh, thou, of fleshly mould, yet not less fair
Than aught that ever did on canvass glow,
Or aught that did ideal beauties wear—
Like Julie, phantom of the wild Rousseau ;
Yes thou art fair, if aught be fair below,
And young as fair, and innocent as young :
What wonder then if I, who little know
How to essay as lovers oft have sung,
Should ill awake the string, when the sad heart's unstrung !

Thy beauty's dawn—the promise of thy spring—
The gladdening smile that o'er thy lips doth play—
The eye that tells the soul's imagining,
And lights with joy all where doth fall its ray ;
The lily neck, where straggling tresses stray—
The roseate hue that mantles o'er thy cheek—
All these do such a perfect form pourtray,
As nought resembles—similies were weak—
The heart alone can feel what language fails to speak.

There is a transport this side of the grave,
When two young hearts are in one feeling blent,
In minglement of love, as wave with wave—
Of love unmixed with vulgar element—
A love on one sole being's weal intent,
That doth not vent itself in wordy speech,
But silent breathes a language eloquent ;
Such as to scan were not within the reach
Of stander-by, but well is understood by each.

Alas, such love but one of us hath felt ;
Thy youthful heart with love hath nought to do ;
The charms to win, the eloquence to melt,
Have never yet been seen or heard by you :
As yet thou shrinkest from beholders' view,
And dread'st the curious glance of stranger eye ;
E'en I am not of the familiar few,
To whom thou would'st unblushingly reply—
The heart perhaps might prompt, tho' tongue would speech deny.

What tho' thou now art distant long and far,
Think'st thou I see not still, as I have seen,
Thee, of my dawning hopes the morning-star—
Soul of my thought, in memory ever green—
Oh, since I saw thee first, tho' seas between
Have parted us, in solitary hour
Thou oft to me companionship hast been ;
Yes, thoughts of thee, of all-refreshing power,
Fall on the blighted heart, as dew upon the flower.

THE THREE DEVILS.

"Seymour, have you heard the story Paddy Sullivan tells of himself?"

"No. Is that the man that lives in the neat white-washed cottage,
on the bank of the river?"

"The same," replied Richard Butler to his cousin, Mr. Seymour, as

they sat over their wine, on a beautiful summer evening. The whole of the surrounding country belonged to him, and there were few of the peasantry you met for a mile round, who would not, when asked who he was, reply, 'the Masther,' thinking that explanation enough.

"The same—but you must hear him yourself. May I trouble you to pull the bell—thank you—it is nothing without his own description. John, (to a servant) send up to Paddy Sullivan, and tell him I will thank him to come down."

Paddy was soon seen "spreading" down; he seemed a fine stout man about forty, who, when he entered the room, exhibited a laughable exterior. His Sunday coat was taken from "the box," and donned over his every-day waistcoat, and his old working breeches formed but a poor contrast to his bright, light-blue stockings, part of the Sunday attire also. And to crown all, the "*ould caubeen*," surmounted his tall person, like the "cap of liberty" on a May-pole.

"A fine evening, Paddy," said Richard.

"Wisha, an' that's the truth for your honor, God bless it!" was the reply.

"Paddy, I sent for you to beg you would tell the story of 'The Three Devils,' to Mr. Seymour, my cousin."

"Ya then, 'tis I would do so for your honour's dog, let alone for this fine young gentleman, and 'tis sorry I am 'tis not better,' Masther Richard. But the story, Sir—it was just next Michaelmas five years, afther our having the most of the harvest gother in, in the little haggart, when I came home from the work, an' sure enough I was tired, it was about five o'clock, an' 'twas for all the world such an evening as this. Well, as I was saying, afther I came back, I went outside the door an' sat down, an' sure I hadn't been there long, when up comes three little dacent-looking men, all in black, an' to tell the truth, I didn't like their looks at all. Well, one of the fellows says to me, 'Arrah, Paddy Sullivan, isn't that your name?'"

"'That's thrue for you,' says I, 'twas that I was christened surely: but how do you know my name?' says I—(for if I was to be shot I couldn't say 'Sir' to the fellows.)

"'Don't be afther axing what you know nothing about,' says the same little fellow.

"'An' sure that's my rason for axing,' says I, 'bekase I don't know it.'

"'Why thin, Paddy,' says he, 'do you think I'll make you as wise as myself?' An' thin they all set up a laugh, an' *such* a laugh! An' thin says another fellow to me, says he, 'Paddy, do you know the way to the road?'

'Faix if I don't, I ought,' says I; an' wid that the first fellow who was 'the Masther' over them, as you are over us, Sir, (not that I'd compare ye) says mighty sharp and slow.

'Paddy Sullivan,' says he, 'you had better answer the gentleman,' says he, 'd'ye hear?'

"'Well I do, if that will plase ye,' says I—(an' though smart I spoke, I was shivering all over.)

"'An' if you do,' says 'the Masther,' 'will you show it to us, as we want to know the way?'

"'There's a word wanting,' says I.

"'Oh, iss!' says he, an' wid that he cocks up his nose, (an' a fine one he had of his own, that is a big one I mane, for it was for a certainty the ugliest I ever saw) 'oh, iss,' says he, 'if you plase—will that do ye?'

"'Ay,' says I, 'that's what I likes, being polite.'

"But he cut me short, an' says he, 'don't be botherin' us wid your blatherin' nonsense.'

"So wid that I got afeard, an' up I got, an' says I, 'come along an' I'll show ye the road.'

"Off we went to the road. Well, as we went along (I afore 'em) they were laughing as hard as they could pelt. I bore a long time all this, but at last I turns round; an' says I, 'wisha, sure you might as well let me into the joke; I likes a bit of fun as well as any one,' says I, (an' faix that was thrue for me, your honour.)

"Then the little man cocks himself up, an' says he, 'Paddy Sullivan, hould your tongue, I bid ye, ye'll know the joke, (as you call it) perhaps sooner than ye wish.'

"Aftther that I never says a word till I got to the road, an' whin I got there, I says, 'there's the road for ye, an' God bless ye.'

"'If ever you mention that name afore me again, Paddy Sullivan,' says the little fellow—'I'll be the death of you, that is, while we're together.'

"'Faix an' that won't be long,' says I.

"'Longer than you think maybe,' says he.

"'Wisha then, if that's the way you talk,' says I, 'good bye to ye.'

"'Not so fast,' says he—'look at us.'

"Oh, musha! an' I did look, an' sure I wasn't in a hurry to look again, for instead of three Christians born, there were three black things, with long ears an' tails! As soon as I had looked at 'em, the ould fellow says, 'you must come,' says he, 'wid us now.'

"'The deil take me if I do,' says I.

"'An' so we will take you, never fear,' says he; 'shove along.'

"'There's two words to that,' says I.

"'Maybe not,' says he.

"So wid that they tuck up three little *kippins** off the road, an' no sooner did they touch them, than they became (afore my eyes) *raal* shilelaghs!

"'Come now, boys,' says 'the Masther,' to the others, 'use these,' says he—(an' sure enough they were the lads that knew how.)

"So one fellow ups wid his bit of oak, 'come Paddy,' says he, 'I'm tould it's mighty hard to hurt you—try this, I want to know if it's the case,' says he.

"So he hits me a crack, an' 'pon my conscience, *that* was the *raal* delight, though faix I didn't think so at that time, to tell the truth; aftther that I don't know how it was, but myself felt the legs runnin' away wid me; so off I pelted towards the town, an' the fellows aftther me like blue blazes, an' slap into the town we went, an' that as hard as ever we could leg it—up one street, down another—every turn I'd make, slap afore me at it would one of the fellows be, an' sure, thin, if my shoulders didn't pay the piper, no matther: well, at last, as I went, like a dog aftther a hare, round a corner, to be sure the black lad was there afore me, but I ducked* as I passed, an' the fellow for once missed his aim; well, faix, I laughed, an' says I to myself, (for I was afeard to say it out) I'm a clever fellow, for I bate the devil!—(for I didn't tell your honour they were three devils all the time!)—Arrah the word wasn't thought of, when slap comes the lad ridin' on my shoulders, an' he cocks his legs out afore my mouth! Widout sayin' a word, I up wid my hands, an' I caught him by the calves of the legs, an' pinched him as hard as ever I could, an' wid that he began to roar like a bull, so that you might hear him a

* "Kippins"—little sticks.

† "Ducked"—stooped.

mile off, and then he fell off my back like a sack of whate ! (I often heard that blacks were mighty touchy about their legs.) Well, 'twas myself was glad in my heart widin, an' sure if I run fast afore, I run ten times as fast now—an' sure enough I didn't go far at all, when at a turn there was another black afore me there—so faix myself tried another duck, an' he missed his aim, like the other—'oh, ho, my lad,' says I, 'you shan't get a ride at all events—but at that moment, smack came my lad on my back—ah! if the other fellow's shins got it before, this chap got it ten times as hard, and if the other roared, he never could equal this lad.

" 'Well,' says I to myself, 'better have one than three,' says I ; 'an' I suppose I'll be soon rid of him too,' says I.

" Arrah, the words wern't said, (to myself) when the last fellow (who was 'the Masther') says, 'Paddy Sullivan, 'tis you that knows a great dale about the matther ; faix, thin, I won't jump on your back,' says he, 'but I'll follow till you can run no more, an' thin I'll have you aisy, an' 'tis I will punish you for my brothers—for I'm the divil!'

" 'A blue look out,' says I, 'but I'm not tired yet, any how,' so we pegged away like mad dogs, up one street, down another, through main street and little street, until afther runnin' a long time, I found myself afore the market—(an' a fine one it is, Masther Richard, God bless it) so slap I goes down it, an' slap comes the divil afther me, I went dodging through the people, an' afther a while I gives a look back, an' there was the divil lookin' for me, up at another part. I was at this time at the bottom, an' if I went towards the door, I should meet him, an' faix 'twas Paddy Sullivan had no fancy for that same. Well, just thin, what should I see but a big baker's basket afore me, mighty invitin'. Widout delay, in I jumps, but I suppose the ould fellow seen me as I went in, for afore I could say Jack Robinson, he comes an' hoises the basket, an' myself an' all on his back, an' away he pegs. Well, to be sure, I gave myself up for lost, an' sure well I might—the fellow legged up one street, down another ; but many's the time me mother towld me that 'I bang'd Banagher,' an' sure that fellow (they say) banged my black friend—so 'twould be quare if I wasn't a match for *him*—just as the fellow was runnin' like a house afire by a little shop, I made a grab at the sign-post—I caught it, an' there I hung ; an' would you believe it, Sir, sorra bit of the divil missed me. Well, to be sure, 'twas myself that was glad to get rid of him, but I soon got tired of my place, for my arms were not able to hould up my big body.

" I hadn't been there long, when out comes the man of the shop, a low, fat, little man, and up he looks, 'wisha, then, bad luck to your four bones,' says he, 'you omadhawn of the divil, what are ye doin' there?'

" 'Oh, thin,' says myself, 'if you'll help me down, 'tis I that won't throuble this post any longer, an' 'tis I that's thankful to it, if you knew but all.'

" 'Ay,' says he, 'so you ought, for 'tis from a post like that you'll be endin' your days yet.'

" 'But not till you go afore me to thry if the beam is strong enough, an' 'tis your body that would give it a good thrial,' says I.

" Wid that the little man's face got very red, an' in he walked, or waddled into the house, an' presently out he comes wid a wattle in his fist, an' out afther him comes a little boy, wid a chair—up he gets on the chair an' begins banging me, for he well knew I could not touch him in regard of being obliged to support myself wid both my hands. But at last whin he went too far, an' continued pelting away, 'what do you think your honour, Mr. Seymour, I did?'

"Why, I suppose you let yourself drop down," answered Mr. Seymour.

"Oh, the sorra bit, your honour; but I—**AWOKE!**"

"Awoke!" cried Seymour; "surely you were not asleep!"

"Wisha an' that's thrue I was, an' instead of the little man being batin' me, 'twas only the wife that was thumpin' my head, to awake me to go to my supper—so you see, Sir, I only dreamt all about *The Three Devils*."

B. A. P.

* * We are assured by our respected correspondent that the above was actually a dozing dream of a respectable farmer living in his neighbourhood.

A POET'S DREAM.

"I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain!"

Romeo and Juliet.

Let me describe a scene—a faerie scene,
Where I was once—perhaps in dreams—I know not!
For they are my realities, and mingle
Weavings of rainbow-hues in the dark web
Of waking sorrow, not unpleasingly!

A bright sky, glowing with the azure light
That lives upon a southern heaven; a stream
Sighing its lazy way through willow branches,
And wild-flowers that do haunt the river-side—
The palaces perchance of dainty fays,
Who die, like oak-nymphs, with their painted bowers!
A sun, whose glinting rays did wanton with
The dimpled waters, till they sang for joy;
And two tall poplars on the further bank,
Shedding long shadows on the wave—like thoughts
That darken on us in our brightest hours!
Between these poplars gleamed an antique temple,
Modelled in antique beauty from the visions
Of Grecian art. 'Twas ruined!—yet its pride
Of perfect form could ne'er have harmonized
So sweetly with the spirit of the place,
And his who gazed upon that lonely scene—
As when its sculptured columns—fallen, or hid
With hoary moss and tangling herbage—seemed
To mourn, and mingle with the gentle mood
Of his half-weeping soul!

Beneath a bower
Of intertwining boughs I lay—and knew
That bliss which hath the rapture of a dream,
With all the clearness of a waking thought,
Which lifts the soul to heaven, by making earth
A paradise of loveliness and love!

There was no sound to break the stillness, save
The drowsy descant of the lagging brook,
The trill of birds, and oft the distant dashing
Of oars most musical. Mine eyes upturned
Unto the broken fane, and the green woods
That waved above it. These were ancient homes,
Where men of power had lived—but they were gone!
Where happy hours had been—but they were vanished!
And while I gazed, enchantment stole upon me;
Fancy—wild Fancy, wreathing past and future